

Nursing Mothers and

Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor, and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant and healthful supply of milk. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless aid to prepare the system for baby's coming, and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

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This world-famed specific for woman's weakness and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its makeup. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition, a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

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Mrs. Dash—"Mother says that she wants to be cremated."
Dash—"Just my luck! I haven't a match with me."—Smart Set.

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THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

In the spiritual exaltation of the moment he almost expected to find that sweet face peering at him benignantly from out the dim background. But he could not see her, and he rose, revived by this spoken communion with her. He had no shadow of doubt as to her presence. God to him was the universe and his mother the unquestionable means of communication with the Providence that governed his life. He would die rather than abandon that belief. Were it dispelled from his mind he was quite certain that his wealth would vanish with it. It was no laudatory accident which had sent the diamond laden meteor heading from the sky. He was despairing, dying. His mother appealed for him, and behold! The very elements that control the world obeyed a mighty behest.

He began to work methodically. In the first place, he lit a fire, for the evening was chilly; then he shook his mattress and swept the floor, gathering into a heap all the tiny particles with which it was littered. These he collected in a piece of newspaper and folded them into a parcel, which again he inclosed in a stouter sheet of brown paper, finally tying the whole with a yard of string he carried in his pocket. There were hundreds of tiny diamonds in that insignificant package and not a few of the size of small peas. As a matter of fact, he discovered subsequently that the net result of his sweeping brought him in over a \$1,000.

Having examined every nook and crevice of the apartment by the aid of the candle, he satisfied himself that naught remained which would indicate to the most curious eye any event out of the common having occurred in that humble dwelling.

It was typical of Philip's implicit faith that he did not unlock the back door until his interior task was ended. He knew that his meteor was untouched.

There was no wind without. The candle feeble as its rays were, illuminated the small yard sufficiently to reveal its debris of white stones and darker lumps of metal. Beginning at the doorway, he swept vigorously, but with minutest care, until he had formed four good sized piles on the flagstones.

He could not afford to differentiate between the debris of the damaged pavement and the fragments of the meteor. It was easy to distinguish the larger pieces of broken glass from the window inside the house. In the yard he had neither the time nor the light to select the bits of shattered stone. All must go together, to be sorted with leisure care subsequently.

He scrutinized the external window sills, the door posts, the chinks of the small coal house door at the farther end of the yard, even the rough surfaces of the walls, and removed every speck of loose material. More newspaper was requisitioned, but after utilizing the twine on his parcel of clothing he ran short of string.

He coolly went up the stairs, unfashioned the rope with which he had intended to hang himself and loosened its stiff strands. Soon he had an abundance of strong cord, and four bulky packages were added to the first small one.

They were heavy, too, weighing several pounds each. In placing them side by side close to the wall beneath the front window he suddenly realized an unforeseen difficulty.

If these shreds of matter—the mere husk, as it were, of the meteor—were so ponderous, what would be the weight of the meteor itself? How could he hope to lift it from the hole in which it lay, how convey it from Johnson's News to a new and safer habitation? He might as well endeavor to move an unwilling elephant.

The thought chilled him. For the first time since his parting interview with Mr. Abingdon, Philip experienced a dread of failure. With something of panic in his blood, he snatched the candle and ran hastily into the yard. He knelt and held the light low in the excavation. Then he cried aloud:

"What! Am I so ready to lose faith in mother?"

For the huge metallic mass—so big that it would not enter the bore of the largest cannon known to modern gunnery—was split asunder in all directions. Its fissures gaped widely as if to mock at him. The rain and steam had done their work well. It was even possible that he would not need the spade, but would be able to pick out each separately he put with his hand.

Instantly he thought into execution and succeeded in lifting several pieces to the yard level. He noted that they were gorged with the dull white pebbles, some being the size of pigeon's eggs. He could not help comparing them in his mind's eye with the collection now lodged in Isaacstein's safe. If those were worth \$50,000, these must be of fabulous value.

Any other person in the wide world might have been excused if he pinched himself or winked furiously or took out the gold filled tobacco pouch for careful inspection to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Not so Philip. The only dominant feeling in his brain was one of annoyance that he should have doubted for one single instant that means would be given him to secure absolute and undisputed control of his treasure.

But there remained the problem of

weight. His original idea was to wrap the actual body of the meteor in the stout sack he obtained from O'Brien and then inclose all his valuables in a tin trunk which he would purchase next morning. Any ordinary trunk would certainly be spacious enough, but its phenomenal weight would unquestionably evoke more comment than he desired, and it would need two strong men to lift it.

This portion of his plan needed to be entirely remodeled, and he was now more than ever thankful that the \$50, save one expended, reposed in his pocket. With money, all things, or nearly all things, were possible.

Owing to the cramped space in which the meteor lay, it was no small task to bring it to the surface in sections, but he persevered. By strenuous endeavor he accumulated an astonishing pile of iron ore studded with diamonds, looking not unlike rhinoceros in a brown cake, and the guttering candle held low down failed to reveal anything else in the hole. There was a good deal of debris at the bottom, and the depth was now over four feet. To reach to its full extent he was compelled to jam his head and shoulders into the excavation and feel blindly with one hand, so he rightly concluded that a final examination might be left until daylight.

By this time he was hot and covered with dirt. He stripped, washed himself in front of the fire and changed into his new clothes. He did not possess a looking glass, but he felt sure that he presented a remarkably different appearance when attired in a neat serge suit, a clean shirt and respectable boots. His first impulse was to thrust his discarded garments into the fire, but sentiment prevailed, and he folded them into a parcel.

Then he extinguished his candle and went out. To his exceeding surprise he discovered that it was nearly 9 o'clock. Time had indeed flown. The shops in the Mile End road open early and close late. He entered a restaurant where he was unknown, passing, as a matter of policy, the coffee stall of his kindly helper of those former days now so remote in his crowded memories. After eating a hearty meal, for which he was thoroughly prepared, he tendered a sovereign in payment.

The proprietor barely glanced at him. Philip was now well dressed, according to local ideas, and his strong, erect figure, his resolute face, added two or three years to his age when contrasted with the puny standard of fifteen as set by the poverty stricken East End.

He had forgotten to buy a necktie and a new pair of stockings. These omissions he now rectified, and he also purchased a warm, dark gray traveling rug, several yards of druggist, a ball of twine and a pair of scissors. A couple of stout but worn leather portmanteaus caught his eye.

"Those are cheap," said the salesman quickly, "only 15 shillings each."

"I'm not sure I can afford so much," said Philip hesitatingly, for the rug alone cost \$1.68.

"They're a real bargain—real leather. They were never made under \$3 each."

"Oh, very well! I will take them."

He produced \$3, got his change and walked away with his goods without causing any wonderment. The shopman was only too glad to have such a customer at that late hour.

Philip now knew that he was fairly safe, but he decided that a bilkcock had given him a more mature appearance than a cap. This alteration being effected, he hurried off to Johnson's News and re-entered his domicile without incident worthy of note.

For the CHAFING DISH

Denatured Alcohol

We take pleasure in announcing that we now have Denatured Alcohol for our trade. It is to be used for burning purposes only, as nearly every one now knows, but for use in the arts and mechanics it is the most economical and satisfactory fuel known.

Cheaper than wood alcohol, it also burns without any of its offensive odor. Next time try it in your chafing dish or alcohol heater; it will be a revelation to you. Be sure to phone WINSTEAD'S, for no other Paducah druggist handles it.

Both Phones 756.

15c ½ pt. and bottle; 5c rebate for bottle.

25c 1 pt. and bottle; 10c rebate for bottle.

35c 2 pt. and bottle; 10c rebate for bottle.

S. H. WINSTEAD

Prompt Service on Telephone Orders.

Seventh and Broadway.

Very quickly, with the help of drug, get, scissors and twine, the two small



He glanced at the window and saw a face.

portmanteaus were packed with pieces of the meteor and the paper covered parcels already prepared. When each long weighed about forty pounds he stuffed the remaining space with rolled up newspapers, closed and locked them. He estimated that three larger leather bags, these being less noisy than tin, would hold the remainder of the meteor.

As the next morning would find him occupied enough, he decided to do as much as possible that night. Three times he sallied forth and returned with a good sized valise. He paid prices varying from \$2.10 to \$3.15, and always bought secondhand goods.

He had locked and strapped the fourth of his goodly array of traveling bags when he fancied he heard a footstep in the news. Such an occurrence would have troubled him not a jot a week ago. Tonight it was extremely disconcerting.

Notwithstanding the weight of the packed portmanteaus, especially the larger one, he lifted each bodily in his arms and ran with it into the tiny scullery. On the front window there was no blind, only a small, much worn curtain covering the lower panes, and he did not want any stray loafer to gaze in at him and discover a large quantity of luggage in such a disreputable hovel.

When the fourth bag was disposed of in the dark recess of the scullery he paused for an instant to listen. There was not a sound. Through the window he could dimly discern the roof of the deserted stables opposite.

He bent again to the task of packing the fifth portmanteau and was placing in it the last parcel of one and diamonds when some of the heavy contents fell through one end where the druggist wrapping had been hastily folded.

Shaking the package on the floor as a grocer beats down the contents of a sugar bag, he picked up the fallen specimens and put them in, one by one. A large lump of ore had fallen apart when it dropped. Inside there was a huge kernel, a rough diamond quite as large as a hen's egg.

Philip smiled as he recalled his boast to Isaacstein. He examined the stone critically and realized that if it were flawless it must be one of the marvels of creation. Without experiencing any positive motive he slipped this unique specimen into his pocket and went on with the reconstruction of the damaged parcel.

At last he finished. The portmanteau was lying open on the floor when the thought occurred to him that he might have avoided the flurry and trouble of carrying these heavy articles into the scullery if he had nailed a couple of yards of his druggist across the window.

It was not too late even now to rectify this defect. He glanced at the window to ascertain how much material he should cut off and saw a face—an evil, brutal, suspicious face—peering in at him over the top of the curtain.

(Continued in Next Issue.)

ANCIENT HOME
Is now merely a memory of the past. Ballard's Snow Liniment is the family liniment of the twentieth century. A positive cure for Rheumatism, Burns, Cuts, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc. Mr. H. Runyon, Stanberry, Mo., writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for Rheumatism and all pain. I can't say enough in its praise." Sold by all druggists.

Potatoe Lead Pencils.

Consul Frank S. Hannah, of Madgeburg, reports that a company has been formed to perfect an invention which instead of making use of cedar wood substitutes a compact mass, the main ingredient of which is potatoes. The invention has finally been perfected and the pencils are being manufactured.

These pencils while slightly heavier are the same size, form and appearance as those at present in use, admit of sharpening a little more easily, and can be produced at a nominal figure.

The cedar wood used at present in the manufacture of lead pencils is expensive and the quantity limited, while the cultivation of potatoes is advancing each year.—New York World.

A HAPPY MOTHER
Will see that her baby is properly cared for—to do this a good purgative is necessary. Many babies suffer from worms and their mothers don't know it. If your baby is feverish and doesn't sleep at nights it is troubled with worms. White's Cream Vermifuge will clean out these worms in a mild, pleasant way. Once tried always used. Give it a trial. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

JUNE

It's easy to build ideal castles if you'll let the contract for the roads to them to others.

SIGN OF DEATH BY BLACK HAND

Witness Recognized It and Refused to Talk

Strange Scene Witnessed in New York Court When Prisoner Raised His Hands.

TERROR ON WITNESS' FACE

New York, June 24.—The Black Hand signal, which conveys the threat of death to its recipient, was given in Judge O'Sullivan's part of the general sessions today. The judge and the crowd that thronged the court room witnessed the strange spectacle.

An Italian on the witness stand had been about to confess his part in kidnapping 7-year-old Salvatore Salita, who was stolen from his Harlem home several months ago. On seeing the signal the witness turned deadly pale and crouched down in his chair, staring wildly at Pietro Pampinella, the defendant on trial for kidnapping Salvatore. Then he stepped down, shaking his head doggedly, and refused to continue the confession he had pleaded to be permitted to make.

The man was Ignazio De Leonardo, who was jointly indicted with Pampinella for the kidnapping. His trial began on Monday and ended with his being found guilty. De Leonardo was remanded to the Tombs, and Assistant District Attorney O'Connor began the prosecution of Pampinella. A jury had been sworn and the trial was under way when De Leonardo sent word from the Tombs: "Tell the man who prosecuted me that I want to make a confession."

Court Sees Death Sign.
O'Connor listened to De Leonardo's request, and then had him brought into the court room. Pampinella gazed searchingly at him as he entered, but De Leonardo avoided his glance and walked to the witness stand. He was sworn, kissing the bible held out to him three or four times, and then O'Connor began to question him about kidnappings.

De Leonardo wriggled about his chair. His uneasiness was patent to every one in the court room. Nevertheless, he began to tell of watching little Salvatore as the boy left the public school in West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. He kept his eyes cast down, while the prisoner bent a steady gaze upon him. The witness seemed conscious of the stare, and presently his eyes unwillingly rose to meet Pampinella's.

At that instant the latter raised his arms and placed his hands upon either temple. Then, while De Leonardo was watching him as though hypnotized, Pampinella swiftly dropped his right hand and drew it quickly across his throat, as though it were a knife.

For a moment De Leonardo struggled unsuccessfully to speak.

"Your honor," he said, "the defendant was making signs to the witnesses."

"I saw the signs myself," responded Judge O'Sullivan.

But De Leonardo refused to continue his testimony despite the commands of O'Connor.

"I have told all I have to say," he responded. "Let me go away."

Warning Given Second Time.
When his efforts to have him continue his testimony proved unavailing, Mr. O'Connor had the witness led back to his cell in the Tombs and prepared to continue the trial. A few moments later, however, De Leonardo again sent word that he felt stronger and believed he could tell the true story of the kidnapping if he had another opportunity. Again the man was led from the Tombs and again he was put on the witness stand. When he began for a second time to tell his story it was evident he was making a strong effort to control his fear.

O'Connor had scarcely put a question to him, however, when De Leonardo again succumbed to the magnetism of Pampinella's steady gaze. Once more he raised his eyes to meet those of his former companion and the latter quickly repeated the sign.

De Leonardo trembled and in a shaking voice murmured, "the death sign."

Neither Mr. O'Connor nor Judge O'Sullivan could reassure him, and De Leonardo again left the witness stand, declaring there was nothing more he could tell.

The jury quickly found the prisoner guilty after hearing the kidnapped boy's story.

A Fortunate Texan.
Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually disposes of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c at all druggists.

"How about the wolf at our door?" demanded the proletariat.
"Simply a nature fake, my friends" responded the trust magnate, with gleaming smile.—Washington Herald.

Our pity invariably slopes over when we meet an easy-going man who is married to an intellectual woman.

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Just That.

There is a certain old gentleman who partakes of the qualities of the diamond as it is mined, but whose lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. The old gentleman, as he expresses it, "got thar with both feet when some due investors came pirating round the range." Not long ago the family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air—" the father began, but was quickly interrupted.

"Father, dear, don't say 'that air'—say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.

"Well, this ear—" he again attempted, but was as quickly brought to a halt.

"Nor 'this ere,' 'this here' is correct," he was told.

The old gentleman rose with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said, with asperity. "Of course, I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I

want to say, an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel a cold in this ear from that air, and I'm going to shut the window!"—Harper's Weekly.

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